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Child Dialect Verse



By Adelaide Pugh Smith

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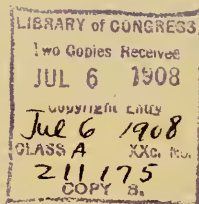


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*To the many dear little
children, whose love or the
memory of whose love is
sweet to me.*



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Proem.



CHILDREN, gather 'round my knee,—
Let your merry voices be
The only magic needed to
Call up mem'ries dear and true;
Take the tribute offered you
In these simple little rhymes
Bright with light of bygone times,—
When I, as each of you, a child
Gathered blossoms, sweet and wild,
By life's stains all undefiled.

MY Pa is a doctur, an'
I heard some un say
'At he is ist the goodest man
'Cause he'd go night er day
To wait on folks 'at 's poor an' sick,
An' never takes no pay !

When I told him what they said
He took me on his knee,
An' tol' me 'at sech debts 'uz paid
In coin 'at none could see,
An' deep down in th' heart 'twus kep' —
“ Th' best kind of a fee ! ”

When Tommy Young Got Lost.



WHEN Tommy Young got lost,—
Wuzn't they a' awful fuss !
They ist hunted ever'whur
Far an' near ! An' Tommy's ma 'uz
Purt near goin' crazy, 'cause
She wuz ist sure, she said,
He'd gone down t' th' river
An' falled in an' wuz dead !

An' all the woods around
Ist wuz scoured—but nothin' found !
All the bells 'uz rung, an' when
Most all th' town 'uz runnin' 'bout
Tommy he come slippin' out
Frum their own front parlur door :—
He'd been beneath th' sofy
A-sleepin' on th' floor !

Content.



SOMETIMES I wisht I wuz a boy
So's I could learn t' swim ;
An' ride a horse, an' clim' tall trees,
An' do purt near it whut I please,
An' be as brave as him !

But when it's got right good and dark
An' time is come to curl
In my Ma's arm an' have her hug
Me close t' her so warm an' snug
I'm glad nen I'm a girl !

Our Neighbor.



US folks has got a neighbor, an'
She's awful funny, too !
'Cause ever' time 'at she runs in
She allus tells us whur she's been
Er whut she's got t' do !

When Ma she asts her t' set down
She's purt near sure t' say,
"Dear me ! I cain't ! My floors aint swep';
I do declare 'at I'm jes' kep'
A-diggin' th' hull day !"

"It's dig, dig, dig, mornin' till night,
Tell I'm jes' played clean out !
I've got t' go an' make a cake,
I've got t' churn, there's bread t' bake,
I oughtn't be about !"

An' nen she'll set an' talk, an' talk
'Bout ever'one we know,
An' tells th' same things over 'gain
Some more till Ma she wonders when
She really means t' go !

SING a song of play-time,
All join in :
Merriment and May-time,
Raise a rousing din !
Jollity and June fun
In the summer weather ;
July's merry hours that run
Laughing off together !
Apple trees thro' August days
Bright with happy faces,
That September's sparkling haze
Finds in schoolroom places.

Uncle Jim's Best Girl.



UNCLE Jim's best girl is ist awful sweet !

Bet anything 'at she can't be beat !

Purtiest eyes an' purtiest curls,

Purtiest one uv all his girls !

An' my goodness sakes ! Uncle Jim's rooms

Ist full uv girls' pictures, and two albums !—

Guess he likes Miss Rena the best

'Cause she's lots the sweetest and purtiest !

Goin' Barefoot.



TELL you whut, I like t' go
Barefoot in th' summer, tho'.
My Ma she never lets me none;—
She don't care ef it is fun :
Says I'm too big,—she likes t' see
How much a lady I can be !

But wunst, when Ma had gone one day,
An' I knowed 'at she 'ud stay
Tell late, I slipped my shoes off, an'
Stockin's, too, an' it wuz grand !—
Tell a bee stinged me, an' nen
I couldn't get 'em on again !

Uncle Jim's Hair Treatment.



mY Uncle Jim's a' awful tease !
Bet you'd say so, too, ef he 'uz
'Round you wunst, an' pulled your curls
Like he says is good fer girls !

He allus says 'at why Ma's hair
Is so long, is he took care
Uv it so 's it had t' grow.
Bet she didn't like it tho' !

An' Uncle Jim, he says 'at I
Mus'n' never try t' cry
When he pulls my curls, becuz
Nen' they'll grow as nice as Ma's !

After 'hearing "Aladdin."



EF I 'uz changed t' you,
An you 'uz changed to me,
I tell you whut we'd haf t' do !
We'd haf t' wish 'ith might an' main
Fer Aladdin's ol' tin lamp t' rub
So's t' get changed back again !

Freddie's Bath.



WUNST Mrs. Adams, my Ma's friend,
She spent the day 'ith us;
An' brung her little boy along
'Cause he'd a-made a fuss
Ef she'd left him home, she said;
So me an' Freddie went t' play
While they both visited.

He's awful funny, Freddie is—
An' does things ist so quick!
Went fishin' in our big rain-bar'l
On a box, 'ith a long stick
Fer *Wiggletails*, an' he ist leant
'Way over it, so's he could see
An' splash! Down in he went!

I grabbed his legs, an' called fer Ma,
An' she ist yanked him out
'Ith rivers streamin' off uv him
'Fore he knowed whut she wuz 'bout!
But he'd ist spoilt th' water—
Couldn't use it none, I guess,
Since Freddie took a bath in it
'Ithout stoppin' t' undress!

Childhood's Ambitions.



WHEN I grow big, I'm goin' t' be
A school teacher,—you wait an' see
Ef you don't believe it! Nen
All the little childern, they
Won't haf to' do a thing but play!
Er,—maybe I'll clerk in a store
Whur they keep choclut drops, an' whur
They have ice cream all year 'round,
An' ever'thing else 'at's good an' sweet,
So's nen I'll get all I can eat!

When the Calf Chewed Freddie's Shirt.



WHEN Freddie Adams got all wet
That time in our rain-bar'l, they
Hung his clothes out on th' line
An' dressed him up in some o' mine,
An' sent him out t' play!

We had th' cutest little calf
Then as could be! He'd ist do
The funniest things right straight along,—
Didn't matter ef 'twuz wrong,
Ef he ist wanted to!

An' he got out the lot that day!
Don't know how he managed to—
But he wuz lookin' fer some fun:
Them clothes hung there, an' up he run,
An' ist begun to chew!

He pulled an' hauled at 'em tell he
Got 'em all down in the dirt,
Tramped over 'em an' dragged 'em 'round
Then left th' rest there on th' ground
While he chewed Freddie's shirt!

We found him,—but 'twuz too late.
All that shirt wuz gone inside
'Cept ist some rags! An' when
He had t' wear a dress home, nen
That Freddie Adams cried!

To Mary Miller.



DARLING child, who lured me to
Gleeful plays and fancies new
Still abiding with me, tho'
Ne'er can I the blessing know
Of thy earthly presence dear:—
Art thou happier there than here?
Canst thou feel the love from me
Lavished on thy memory?

Slidin' Down the Banusters.



WUNST when we wuz all alone,—
Ma an' Auntie Jane both gone,—
My Uncle Jim, he showed me how
To slide down th' banusters !
An' we ist had th' mostest fun !
I 'ud slide an' Uncle 'd run
T' ketch me 'fore I hit th' floor,
Nen I'd go an' slide some more
Down th' banusters !

Yes, an' Uncle, he slid too !
Don't you wisht 'at it wuz you ?
How awful funny he did look,
Slidin' down th' banusters :—
'Cause his long legs they would strike
More 'an anybody 'd like.
'Nless he held way up high,—
Nen you bet he'd more 'an fly
Down th' banusters !

Yes, an' Uncle lifted me
On his shoulder, an' nen he
Ist clum th' stairs, an' way we went
Slidin' down th' banusters !
But jes' before we hit th' floor
Ma she opened up th' door,
An' she ist thought 'at it was fun
Tell I said I'd slid alone
Down th' banusters !

Nen my Ma she scolded him,
'Cause she said 'at Uncle Jim
He oughtn't show me how t' go
 Slidin' down th' banusters;—
Yes, an' nen she scolded me—
Said she wanted me t' be
Ist ladylike,—no *lady* tried
Ma she said t' ever slide
 Down th' banusters.

Nen my Uncle Jim he said
They'd look funny ef they did :
But little girls ist looked alright
 Slidin' down th' banusters :
An' he said 'at Ma's mem'ry
Wuzn't long as it might be
Er it 'ud reach back t' th' days
When they had some jolly plays
 Down th' banusters !

Nen Ma grinned, but said 'at she
Didn't want sech things teachd me—
We mustn't go no more, she said,—
 Slidin' down th' banusters.
Nen Uncle Jim he said 'at she
Needn't fear 'at she 'ud see
Us slide no more—but when Ma's gone
Nen you bet we have some fun
 Sailin' down th' banusters !

Christmas Defined.



CHRISTMAS : Day of dear delights,
Filling childish dreams for nights !
Candies, presents, joys and toys,
Happy girlies, merry boys !
Jollity supreme, and life
Glowing with the brightness rife !

A Query.



WONDER who us two 'ud be
Ef you wuzn't you, and I wuzn't me?
An' whut 'ud all our folksus do
Ef I wuzn't me, an' you wuzn't you?

The Eskimo Family.



LAS' winter, when 'twuz purt' near spring
They come a big snow. Ever'thing
Wuz froze up solid, 'twuz so cold.
My Pa he hired a sleigh that day
An' took us fer a ride, 'way
Out o' town! Ma sat in th' seat
'Ith Pa, and I wuz at their feet
On a little footstool, so
Jus' my head stuck out. An' oh!
'Twuz cold, but I was wrapped up so
'At Ma she laughed an' called me her
Little Eskimo in fur!
Nen Pa laughed, an' said 'at she
Looked like one as much as me!
Jus' then a man drove by, Pa knew,
An' says "W'y, hello Doc! That you?
Wondered who it could be so
Bloomin' like a' Eskimo!"

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Your Baby.



JUST a gleam of sunshine thro' your day,
Just a constant source of wonderment and joy,—
Just a bit of Heaven, sent your way,—
That's your baby,—be it girl or be it boy.

Marian's Lament.



I IST want a baby brother
Worse'n anything ! Ist ever' other
Little girl in town's got one
But me, purt' near, an' I ain't got none.
An' them little girls declares
'At my own Pa brung um theirs !
That seemed kind o' funny, when
He knowed I want one worse'n them ;—
An' I told him so, an' he
Said they wuzn't none for me,—
'At God He sent 'um down addressed
Ist like letters, where 'twuz best.
Wonder whut I ever done
'At God He can't spare me ist one?

A Nonsense Jingle.



O, THE Frizzle-de-froos
From the land of hoodoos,
Went sailing away in a fleet of old shoes
Out into the bay
Where the sea-urchins play
And 'neath purple billows the devil-fish stray ;
O, their deep crimson eyes
Which would sink back, then rise,
Filled all the dried herring with mighty surprise !
Whenever a glance
Shot past them by chance
They each had a fit of St. Vitus' dance.
And a frolicsome oyster
Far famed as a royster
Gasped with fright until the salt moisture
Caused him to strangle, and his windpipe to mangle,
He feared that they wanted his pearls for a bangle !
All the burfishes fleet
Made a landscape most sweet,
By swelling all up at the explorer's feet.
A most awful commotion
Pervaded the ocean
And the inmates were seized with religious devotion
When the Frizzle-de-froos
Made their debuts
In their elegant crafts, on their venturous cruise :
But an undaunted whale
Whom nothing could quail
Made a charge at them, his tail for a sail,
And he ushered them in
Where Jonah had been,
Though they clamored and howled and raised a wild din !
He would take no excuse
Nor give heed to their prayers to "just let us loose !"
So endeth the tale of the Frizzle-de-froos
Who sailed out to sea in a fleet of old shoes !

Christmas.



I 'SPECT ol' Santy Claus is ist
A hustlin' 'round today,
An' packin' ever'thing ist tight
An' good in his big sleigh—
For tomorrow will be Chris'mus Eve
An' you'd ist better bet
'At us three children's wonderin'
What all we're goin' to get.

I'm here at Gra'ma's house, an' both
My cousins is here too ;
An' we wuz 'fraid 'at Santy Claus
Might not know whut to do
When he'd not find our stockin's home,
An' maybe he 'ud go
An' give our things to some un else
Close 'round 'at we 'ud know !

I felt 'most sure 'at Alice Blake
'Ud get my lovely doll,
An' Tommy groaned and said he 'ud bet
His gun 'd go to Paul,
'At lives next door to him, and Maud
She pretty near it cried
For fear her chum 'ud get her wheel,
An' she'd not learn to ride.

I tol my Pa 'bout it ; I knowed
 'At he could help us out !
He said to write to Santy Claus
 An' tell him all about
Who we all wuz, an' he'd ist bet
 Our things 'ud reach us straight,
An' not to worry 'bout it none
 But ist be calm an' wait.

We wrote a letter, an' my Pa
 He mailed it for us, an'
He put th' 'dress all on it, too ;
 "Ol' Santy Claus," it ran,
"North Pole, in care of Boreas."
 Now whut you s'pose that meant ?
Nen took it clear downtown hisself
 So's to be sure it went.

An' so we know 'at we're alright,
 'Cause Santy'll know to come
Out here t' Gra'ma's when he fin's
 'At none of us ain't home.
An' nen I'll have my dolly sure,
 An' Tom he'll have his gun,
An' Maud 'll have her wheel, an' nen
 We'll all of us have fun !

A-Guttin' Paper Dolls.



SOMETIMES I get th' Fashion-books
'At Ma is done with, an'
The scissors, an' I go upstairs
Out o' th' way 'most anywheres
An' cut out paper dolls!

It litters things up purty bad
But Ma don't ever care
Ef I'm a-havin' fun; an' you
All know 'at that's not hard to do
A-cuttin' paper dolls.

I can cut dresses easy, but
It's diff'runt 'ith a face,
'Cause my ol' scissors slips an' goes
An' takes th' end all off a nose
When I cut paper dolls.

But that don't hurt th' dollie none,
Ef it does spoil her looks,
'Cause she don't know, and she can't care;
An' I purtend 'at it's all there
When I play paper dolls!



Innocence.



WAXEN eyelids folded over baby eyes,
Little curls of gold that stray
O'er the baby forehead in a 'wildering array;
On the baby lips a smile
Like its guardian angel's kiss :
Every peaceful breath revealing
Heaven within it, more than this.

Goobers.



DO you like peanuts? What you think?
My Ma says 'at when
She wuz a little girl down South
They called 'em goobers then ;
An' down in their big garden where
Ever'thing most grew
They planted peanuts in the ground
An' raised their goobers too !

Lullaby.



ROCK-A-BYE, hush-a-bye, drift into rest
Mother's sweet baby, your head on her breast ;
Lend your pink ear to sea fairies' beguiling,
Send your wee shallop among them a-smiling !

Rock-a-bye, hush-a-bye, glide all the night
O'er mystic waters with rainbows alight :
While, at your side, float the fairies along
Tinting your dreams with their lullaby song.

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